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The Salvation Army.

Its Beginnings in America.

A Chapter of "Firsts," by Commissioner Railton.

From the Christmas Issue of The War Cry.

There is one thing about the commencement of the war in the United States that is especially precious to me. True, those who came with me were the first officers sent by the General to the conquest of the country, but we were sent exactly because the war had already broken out, and I have always felt that The Army in America owes it birth to no human appointment, but to the unconquerable, unalterable essence of its nature, which must compel its true soldiers ever to renew the attack upon the world wherever they may go.

I rejoice especially that the Shirley family were not in the position of officers when they opened fire on Philadelphia, but simple working people, so that The Army sprang like a plant of God's own sowing from the ground. From the moment of our arrival the Shirley family showed the most simple and loyal willingness to take their place under the old flag and fight wherever they could serve best. I found them living not like many officers in England even then could live, but like factory people, and they showed the simplest desire to spend their lives "as poor, yet making many rich."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Perhaps the four weeks' tossing we had had on the Atlantic especially prepared us for the appreciation of any country, but I certainly have never lost the deep stamp of "go ahead" which all that I saw in the first few days in New York made upon my mind. There was a people eager for improvement of any kind, who instead of copying the doings of their forefathers or of other nations were building up new communities upon new theories every week, and casting aside even their own previous plan as fast as they could discover better ones.

"Surely this is precisely the country for The Salvation Army" I thought then and think still although it has taken the American public rather longer than I expected to wake up to the fact. If, however, I rightly understand the signs of the times, the days are fast coming, if they are not already here, when every American who cares to prevent the entire heathenization of his country will hail The Salvation Army as precisely the force needed to encounter and drive back the insolent advances of unbelief in our century and to rescue the masses from the waves of spiritual and moral ruin.

FIRST MEETINGS.

How thankful I was that we received our first invitation to address the city of New York not from any reverend, but from the decidedly irreverent Harry Hill. Poor old boy! How gladly would I hear of his salvation! He offered to pay us for holding forth in his music hall, and I have always regretted that I did not take the money. I have also since regretted that I asked the audience not to smoke during one hour. My lasses were well drilled between the decks of the "Australia" to speak amidst tobacco smoke, and what earthly use is a Salvation Army that is so particular as not to make the sort of people it should reach feel at home? I hope every Salvation Army barracks will some day have its smoker's gallery or verandah, or some other corner where the utterly careless may come and hear till the new message drives out the old smoke, and they press in nearer.

However, we did not want for Godless hearers, either on that Sunday evening when reporters and other respectable unbelivers watched with scorn our first service, or in the mission halls that were kindly offered to us before we got our first New York barracks. It was a most pleasant novelty to me to have to be with people who were not ashamed to acknowledge their unbelief. "I don't want a God; I have no use for one," said an American to me, and I though it such a splendid putting of the condition of mind of millions who really act on this principle, often without being willing to acknowledge it.

FIRST CONVERTS.

But I was still more pleased to find how with equal readiness Americans could get up and speak out for Christ after they had been suddenly and unexpectedly brought to repentance. That transformation into determined and capable advocates of that which a few hours before they so despised I have never seen equaled, and I feel that that and other features peculiar to the soil must always give to the work in the States a special interset, even in the smallest corps. Of course all converts do not prove such stand fasts as Ashbarrel Jimmy; if they did how I should like to see a group of them together! On the platform of my memory I can enjoy the sight of them still—the "L" railway conductor and the boy who let off the topedo in the hall, and then within five minutes full of remorse, knelt at the mercy seat, dear old Mother Renolds, of Philadelphia, now in glory, who came out in our first saloon meeting there; the floor drunkard, who knelt beside a pump in Wheeling, W. Va., and the darkie who knelt on the shore at Atlantic City and cried for mercy while respectable young men mocked, and a great many more that I cannot tell.

FIRST FRIENDS.

The first man who helped me with a donation was a German blacksmith, and the first outsider thoroughly to appreciate our uniform, though he could not wear it himself at the time, was a German commercial traveller. God bless every German in America and open all their hearts to The Army! Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith both helped us and stood up for us before there was anything much to see of our work in the States. But over and above all others I must always think of the family of Mr. George Parker, of St. Louis, who took me in, housed and fed me a whole winter, simply because I was trying to get the people saved. Many other friends helped us in those days with a heartiness and a brotherliness which, to officers accustomed to the stiffness of the English aristocracy was most delightful. I have seen mention of some of those old friends since those days.

FIRST BIG "GOES."

My welcome to Philadelphia in the great meeting convened in the large Athletic Hall, where I presented their flag to the Shirleys, seemed to me then the biggest meeting of my life. But the deepest impression of that meeting that remains with me is of the way father, mother and daughter sang to the people:

My Lord, what a morning.
When the stars begin to fall!

However, before many months we had a still bigger "go," I think, in a Methodist church lent for the occasion, where officers and converts testified with wonderful freedom and power.

But I have an even more vivid memory of our first big meeting in Newark, N. J., when some dear old German saints fairly danced for joy. It was a desperately hot day, and just before we were to begin the meeting I found several of our lassie officers who felt the first Summer heat and were overcome by it. Nevertheless we had a gloriously blessed time.

THE FIRST LITTLE "GOES."

Big "goes" were never very much to my taste, however. I felt that we had a foundation to lay, and that single bricks were needed to do it, so I have the most pleasure in looking back on times when we were but few.

Camden, N. J., was a peculiarly hard pull, yet I can remember some blessed times when till a very late hour a few of us wrestled together around some penitent till he got right. But I remember shutting up suddenly one night. A man knelt a long time pleading to all appearances very desperately: "Lord, take me as I am!" It struck me there must be some special hindrance in the way, and on inquiry I found he was a barber seven days a week. He felt quite bad about the Sunday business, but he wanted the Lord to take him, Sunday shaving and all. I told him God would not take him with a guilty conscience and we might as well shut up at once.

But St. Louis was the place where I learnt most to fight alone. What talks I had with the Lord as I walked some time in the snow after trying to get a little handful in, and often trying in vain to get some of them to the cross! One night the stove fell nearly to pieces during the meeting, but the people stopped in the smoke and we had a real good time.

A SUCCESSFUL DISTURBER.

The Army generally overcomes any sort of disturbance, either outdoors or in. The peltings we got in Philadelphia streets and the interruptions in our New York hall never affected us much.

But I remember a little negro, certainly not over six years of age, who repeatedly spoiled good open air meetings on a vacant lot facing Broad Street, Philadelphia. The little fellow was born to fight, and is by this time, I hope, a good soldier of Christ. He used to come up just when we had got a good ring of attentive listeners, and would go around till he found a boy or girl, white or black, big or little, whom he could provoke to fight. The sight of this set to, especially if he got a white boy a little bigger than himself for an opponent, was irresistible to almost everybody. How I used to pray for such fighters in the Army of the Lord! for I do not believe there is a sight more interesting to heaven, earth, or hell than that of a soul determinedly struggling to make others yield to God.

OUR BRIGHTEST DAYS.

I have rummaged my memory for any recollection of that stand out from all the rest for special blessedness or brightness, but I can think of no such day in particular. I know there were many, very many, blessed times of soul-saving, when naturally everybody felt as if that were the best day they had ever seen. And there were days of trouble when somebody had gone wrong, and the devil was anxious to persuade us that everybody else would do the same. But all of that period of poverty and smallness and difficulty is so covered over with the memory of God's great goodness, that it seems as if no day and no spot looked at this distance of time specially bright. And anyhow memories don't seem to me of much account in the great Salvation war. May they never attain any great importance, but in the United States and everywhere else may the onward march of victory ever make the past look small and far away!

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH,

Whose portrait is herewith given, is the daughter of an Episcopalian clergy man in England. She was converted to God in the Salvation Army, and went to France as aide-de camp to La Marechale Booth-Clibborn. She went through many stormy scenes in connection with Salvation Army meetings in France and Switzerland. The meetings were frequently broken up by toughs, etc., but it proved to be a good training school for Army work. She visited Sweden on one occasion and held special meetings in the university town of Upsala. In order to reach students a dodger printed in Latin was issued inviting them to the meetings. She was married to Commander Ballington Booth six years ago in England. They came to the United States over five years ago, Mrs. Booth as well as the Commander taking out naturalization papers. She has held many drawing room meetings, one in the parlors of the Postmaster General in Washington. Mrs. Booth has two children—Willie, aged five years, and Myrtle Theodora, a few months old.

WILLING TO BE CALLED FOOLS.

Glen Ridge Church Crowded to Hear an Address by Mrs. Booth.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of the Commander of the Salvation Army, made an address in the Glen Ridge Congregational Church last Sunday night. The church and Sunday School room were packed with people, who listened with the closest attention to the interesting story told of the work done by the Salvation Army.

Before introducing Mrs. Booth, the pastor, Rev. Frank J. Goodwin, said he wished to make a personal explanation. He said that be had been prejudiced against the Salvation Army and against their manner of conducting their work, but his prejudices against them had been removed by hearing a lady of the Salvation Army speak; that she had been invited by the King's Daughters to come and address them, and that he believed all would be interested in hearing her tell of the work done. He then introduced her.

Mrs. Booth was clad in the regulation costume of the Salvation Army, and prefaced her address by saying that she was thankful for the kind words spoken by the pastor; that she was glad of an opportunity to remove any prejudices that might exist against the Salvation Army.

The hymn that had been sung, "Onward, Christian Soldier" had been a favorite one with her when a child, and which she had afterwards sung in her father's church, but never until she had joined the Salvation Army had she sung it with real feeling.

The many conflicts in which they had been engaged, in a hand to hand warfare with the powers that seek to undermine the foundations of Christianity, had given a reality to it. There are some, she said, who think we of this army lead an easy life, playing soldier. If those who think so could be with us for one week, they would not find it so easy. They would find that it was no play. The work was such that if the men were left to fight alone, they would shrink from it and beat a retreat; but the women in the ranks kept them up to the work; and whenever any special work was needed they generally asked the women to do it, who, with love in their hearts, could do it. Those whose hearts are filled with Christ can realize what the Salvation Army is—such can see it as it is—beneath the false reports. There is no good work that has not been vilified.

She spoke of traveling over the country, resting herself by looking out upon the ever-changing beauty of the landscape as seen from the car window, and how her mind had been diverted by a cinder from the locomotive that had lodged on the window pane. So it is in the world, we focus our eyes on the insignificant things. Losing sight of grand and good things, we become engrossed with that which blackens as does the soot. Think of the thousands of young women reclaimed, the drunkards reformed, and the homes made bright.

Some think only of the drum and tambourine and the noise they made. Drunkards have blessed the drum because it has led them to find peace. It has called many to be redeemed who have slept in lethargy amidst the sound of churchbells. To be successful they believed they must be free, and they cast aside all Nineteenth Century prejudices, and were even willing to be called fools for Christ's sake.

If the Salvation Army had listened to the advice given it, and had been led by the many opinions given, it and its drum would have died long ago of too much respectability.

What is the aim of the Salvation Army? Do we want to build churches? No! there are churches enough. The Salvation Army ever wishes to remember that it is commissioned to go out into the byways and hedges, that the sin-stained wanderer may be brought home. We seek to reach the broken hearted. No one can tell me that God cannot make the drunkard beautiful, for I say he can make the broken hearted the most beautiful. The Salvation Army has but one aim, and that is to bring hearts to Christ, and it is reaching those who have had no real conception of Christ. She believed in education but not cramming the head and starving the heart. The Salvation Army says you must be sincere, or you dare not speak or pray. You must come through redemption. If you ask me what the nineteenth century wants, I will say that it wants all who call themselves Christians to be real soldiers of Christ.

In the Salvation Army you must be sincere or you cannot wear the uniform. If any hypocrites got in the fire was so strong, the persecutions so great, that they could not remain.

Mrs. Booth told of work in the slums of New York and other principal cities of the United States, of young women going to live among them, dressed in rags and tatters so as not to be above the people they wanted to save. She told of finding seven families living in one room; children without clothes and without food. She spoke of lodging houses in New York City that should not be tolerated, with one hundred and fifty men sleeping in one room. There were five cent lodging houses that were a curse but the fifteen cent places were not any better. The Salvation Army had established a shelter where five hundred persons per day were fed, and where clean beds were supplied for seven cents and better ones for twelve cents. A bowl of soup and bread was supplied them for two cents, or a bowl of coffee for the same money, and a meal with desert for twelve cents. In addition to the cheap lodging and food, they had prayer thrown in free. In one year eighteen thousand had been accomodated and three hundred and forty men had been saved.

At the close of her address a very liberal plate collection was taken up for the cause represented by Mrs. Booth.

It pays sometimes to be kind. An old bachelor out West who was in the habit of calling at the Post Office for his mail was so impressed with the kind treatment of the postmistress that he walked in one day and presented her with a deed for five acres of land worth $3000. He said she was the only person who had spoken a kind word to him for years.

A PENOBSCOT GUIDE'S STORY OF ANOTHER TRUTHFUL GUIDE.

How "Dairyman Annance," of Moosehead, Managed to Secure Something for His Sportsmen to Drink, Besides the Cold, Murky Water of the Lake.

"Here's a pretty mess! The milk is all gone."

The speaker was one of a party of four New York sportsmen who, with an equal number of guides, had been cruising about on the west branch of the Penobscot, but were now camping on the shores of Chamberlain lake, preparatory to returning to North East Carry. They had been out longer than they had planned, and some of the supplies had become exhausted.

Then turning to the guides, who were lying at full length on the ground quietly enjoying the young blood's discomfiture, he asks, "Isn't there a farmhouse or hotel near where we could buy some?"

"Depends on what you call near," replied a woodsman. "If you don't reckon forty miles far, then we are near a house, but that's about the distance—maybe a trifle more. You want milk powerful bad, don't you? Well, you fill up on water tonight and maybe in the morning I can accommodate you, though, mind you, I don't promise!"

"You'll have to get a move on you," said one of the other guides, "if you are going to try to make the Carry 'tween this and tomorrow"—well knowing that the journey in that time was impossible—"for blast me, Annance, if I know where you're going to find the color of milk nearer than that."

Annance made no response, but puffed silently at his favorite pipe. He had an idea, though, that he could get some milk, but did not mean to tell how.

That night, unnoticed, he left the camp about sunset, walked slowly through the woods for about a mile, and again came out on the shore of the lake at a point where a small stream formed an outlet.

This was near the place where he had seen the cow moose, and here he took up his position beside a trail leading to the water's edge, and along which he could see, if his knowledge of woodcraft did not deceive him, that the moose was in the habit of passing.

In this he was correct, for the guide had not been there more than an hour when he heard the sound of some animal approaching, and peering cautiously through the bushes he saw a cow moose making for the pool.

The animal sniffed the air a few times as she passed within a dozen paces of the hunter, but otherwise she did not show signs of alarm. She was soon in the water ridding herself of the flies and quenching her thirst.

While the moose was disporting herself Annance left his position behind the bush and walked a few steps toward her, and whenever she turned he would stand perfectly motionless.

By repeating this operation several times, he managed to reach the edge of the lake without alarming the moose. As soon as the animal showed any signs of leaving the water, the guide retreated a few steps. Once or twice did the moose raise her head and look at him, only, however, to resume her clumsy frolics.

Presently the moose made toward the shore, and Annance concealed himself behind the brush again. At the edge of the lake the animal turned to take a last look and shake the spray from her nose. Then she advanced slowly up the sloping bank. When opposite the guide she sniffed something, stopped and looked around.

That was the guide's chance, and he knew it.

The critical moment had arrived, and with one quick but silent movement he was by the animal's side. She did not move except to turn her head and look at him. Annance kept near her hind quarters, well knowing that if he got in front of the moose he would not stand much chance should she become ugly.

Cautiously bending forward the hunter stroked her sides and allowed her to turn and smell of him. After a few seconds, seeing the moose did not appear frightened, Annance, with little more difficulty than is experienced with many domestic animals, proceeded to fill a small pail he had brought along with rich, yellow milk.

Returning to camp, he produced the milk when breakfast was ready in the morning, having kept the pail in the water over night, much to the astonishment of the guides and sportsmen.

People who visit Moosehead often hear Charles Annance spoken of as the "dairyman," and the foregoing story is what gives him the nickname.—Lewiston Journal.

Almost Like Jonah.

"I've had some experience myself," said an old sailor, "but two years ago I came the nearest taking after Jonah that a man ever did. We had made a strike all right and the whale went down, not very far, but when he came up he had his mouth open, and somehow or other he came up with one jaw on the port and the other on the lee side of our boat. Surprised? Well, that whale looked very much as if he was ready to receive company, but I wasn't invited, so I made a streak for another boat."—San Francisco Examiner.

Too Literal.

Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger for your second floor yet, Mr. Goslin?

Goslin (horrified)—I haven't been looking for a lodger, madam.

Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my husband told me you had rooms to let in your upper story.—Exchange.

Not So Much Spare Money.

The reason why there is less speculation in mining stocks in Wall street than there was formerly is not because there is less gold and silver mined west of the Mississippi, but because there is less unemployed cash east of that river.—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Pay.

The North Carolina boy who went out to shoot birds with a gun made of a brass tube shot himself of course. And we don't know that we are even sorry for his parents. It would not pay to raise such a fool.—Buffalo Express.

WIND WINDS A CLOCK.

An Ingenious Contrivance of an Inventor in Belgium.

The Garre du Nord, Brussels, has been fitted with a mechanical wonder in the shape of a clock, which, although constantly exposed to all kinds of weather, never gets out of repair, nor does it need to be wound by the hand of man. It is a perpetual timekeeper of the most unique and original design, the running weight being kept in constant motion either through the influence of gravitation, as when on the descending trip, or by the wind's action on a fan attachment which causes the weight to rise to a level with the top of the framework. The winding attachment is not a windmill of the regulation type, but is a fan placed in a common chimney, the paddles being acted upon by the natural "up cast" or "draft."

As soon as this fan has raised the "running weight" to its extreme height, the cord to which the weight is attached acts on a wheel which throws a brake into gear, and the more rounds of cord that are added, so much more strongly does the brake act to prevent the weight from rising any higher, the checking tendency being transmitted to the fan wheel with every revolution.

A simple pawl arrangement prevents the down draft from exerting any contrary influence on the fan wheel. There is not, as one might suppose on first thought, any necessity of having a fire in the stove or fireplace of the chimney to which this odd clock is attached. The natural tendency of air is to ascend through such vents, the draft thus created being always sufficient for weight winding purposes. The clock might be placed at the top of a hollow tree with a bottom opening, or any other cylinder from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height.

With its present attachments this clock runs but twenty-four hours after the winding fan stops, but by the addition of another wheel or two, might be made to run a month or two even though the up draft were not sufficiently strong to turn the winding wheel in the meantime. The inventor is a native of Belgium.—St. Louis Republic.

The Marriage Tie.

Said a brilliant woman, whom not one of the refined coterie who heard her thought of calling "immoral:" "At eighteen I married, of my own foolish will, a man of fifty, who adored me. At twenty I had learned that it would be a sin to waste my full young life—the only life I could know this side of the grave—in so monstrous a union. He was a good man, and, according to his lights, a model husband. I could not but respect him, but we had not one emotion in common. We were wholly incompatible in feeling, sentiment, in nature. Upon this ground, and this alone, I obtained a divorce."

Tear away sentimental verbiage and this woman's case stands thus: Her husband's ideas and tastes were not, to her apprehension, favorable to the development of what she sketched as the life she ought to lead. Her individual happiness outranked all other considerations in her mind. The marriage vow, uttered of her own free will, because she then fancied that she was forwarding her selfish interests by the union, became a rope of sand when inclination veered to another quarter.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

A Prize Easily Won.

A set of topers were carousing in the Old Boar, and relieved the monotony by cracking jokes and telling funny stories. After an interval of rest one of their number sprang to his feet and shouted:

"I'll give ten bottles of wine to the man who shall most closely imitate the voice of any animal."

The offer was accepted, and there was a neighing, a croaking, a grunting, a quacking, a howling and a growling fit to deafen the hearers. The last man then stood in the ring, and—did nothing. After five minutes' silence he perceived that his companions were growing impatient, when he quietly remarked:

"There, gentlemen, that was the voice of a fish!"

General hilarity. He won the wine.—Kalender.

Prosperous Negroes.

When the war closed there were about 600 negroes owned by the Creek Indians. When they were free the Indians attempted to drive them out of the territory. The government wouldn't permit it, but made them citizens of the Creek nation and clothed them with all the rights and privileges of a full blood.

The Indians were compelled to accept this state of affairs. For awhile they badly treated their black skinned brothers, heaping all sorts of indignities upon them, which were borne with patient fortitude. When the lands were divided the government gave them a pro rata share. They have increased in population, now numbering about 2,000, raised respectable families and are doing well.—New York Advertiser.

The Origin of an Expression.

Mr. McElroy tells this: A few years ago some one defined a Mugwump to be "a person who is educated beyond his intellect." The remark was credited to several leading New Yorkers. But one day, in reading Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" I came across this sentence: "The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that 'it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities.'"—New York World.

Looking for Gold.

Mr. R. T. Imbrie, of Washington county, Or., found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens. He is now on a still hunt for the feeding grounds of that particular chicken, and is thinking of assaying the entire barnyard company.—New York Sun.

Just Cause.

"Wodjer black Joey's heye fur arter he'd denied as he'd said them things about yer?" "Denied it? Not 'im! Why, I ses to 'im, 'Joerge ses you've bin corling me a [illegible].' And he up and ses, 'I re-pudiate the statement.' And then I blacks 'is eye. I might ha' stood the cove's sayin of it once—but w'en he goes an re-pudiates it!"

—London Public Opinion.

The Endowment of Daughters.

The propriety of endowing daughters appears to be now seriously discussed in different parts of the country. This arises partly out of a growing sense of justice, which, the philosophers say, is the last sentiment to be developed in the case of women, and partly out of the commercial exigencies which in the last twenty years have left stranded so many women with no means of livelihood. The endowment of daughters would accomplish several ends. It would enable them to marry the men of their choice, it would support them if they do not marry, and in case of commercial disaster would furnish at least temporary provision for the family. The matter has progressed until the methods of endowments in different countries are under advisement.

According to Sir Henry Maine it was the passing of the Roman dowry into France after the conquest of Gaul that has made of France the richest and most prosperous of nations. It is unlikely, however, desirable as it might be, that the frugality and self denial the humblest Frenchman practices to lay aside his daughter's dowry will appeal to a nation accustomed to easy living and as impatient for swift results as this.—New York Evening Sun.

A Japanese Editor.

Editors may find some consolation in the fact that they have inspired feelings of envy in the breasts of a young Japanese boy. A recent issue of an East Indian paper contained the following note: "A schoolboy in Loerabaya was asked to describe an editor of a paper. He did so in this way: 'An editor is the luckiest man in the world. He can go to a circus every afternoon and every evening without paying a cent. He can go also to the court houses, the places of execution and the races.

"He has free tickets to all theaters, receives presents at his office, and gets his ears boxed too. He goes also to Prigen, Malang or Lawang (places of amusement). He does not do this often, however. In one paper he can deny everything that was said in the previous one, and he does so, as a rule. When other people are already in bed, the editor is still up. He stays up late to see what happens. When I grow big I shall become an editor. Then I can stay up too."

A Sermon Exchange.

The latest enterprise which we hear announced in the young and enterprising west is the "Sermon exchange," of Chicago. According to popular belief the practice of clergymen has been to write sermons until they had filled a barrel. Then the barrel would be turned upside down and the sermons all preached over again. Where a minister remained in a church a great many years the congregation would after awhile begin to know when the barrel was turned.

Some sermons were looked forward to with much interest and others with more or less dismay. The Sermon exchange is to do away with all of this. It is no longer necessary to preach a sermon over a second time. The preacher can take an old sermon and tie twenty-five cents to it. This he sends to the exchange and receives one written by some one else by return mail, or if he has no sermon to send he can get one for fifty cents.—Baltimore Sun.

Long Island Indians.

There was a time when many of the Shinnecocks shared in the occupations of the white people and acquitted themselves with great credit. I allude to the whaling period in Southampton history. The Shinnecock at sea, whether pure blood or half breed, made an exact sailor. The discipline of the forecastle was good for him, at least so long as he was afloat. Many of them got to be mates, and one became a captain. This distinguished sailor man was not a pure bred Indian, but was part negro, and probably had a small though potential quantity of white blood. This was Captain Lee, and any one down toward Southampton or Sag Harbor can tell of his giant stature and immense strength. This Captain Lee was the son of a still more famous man, Parson Lee.—John G. Speed in Harper's Weekly.

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